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TALOFA SAMOA

A SUMMER SAIL TO AN ENCHANTED ISLE

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FA'APIU.

Talofa, Samoa

A SUMMER SAIL

TO

AN ENCHANTED ISLE

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BY

CHARLES S. GREENE

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1896
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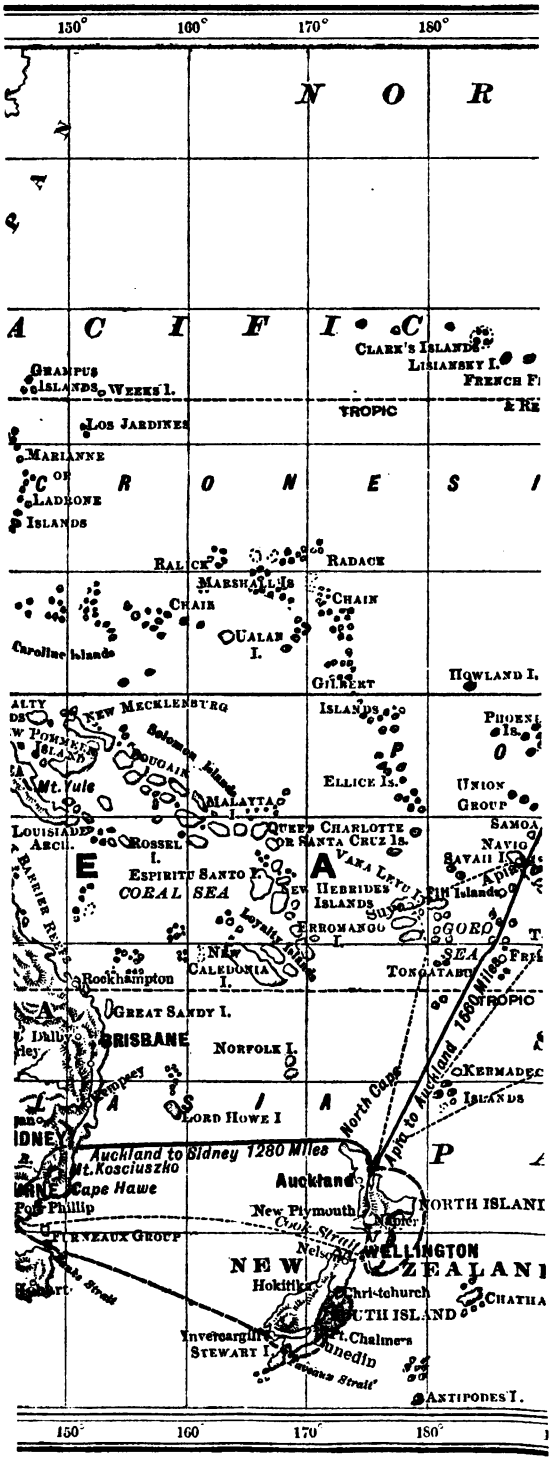
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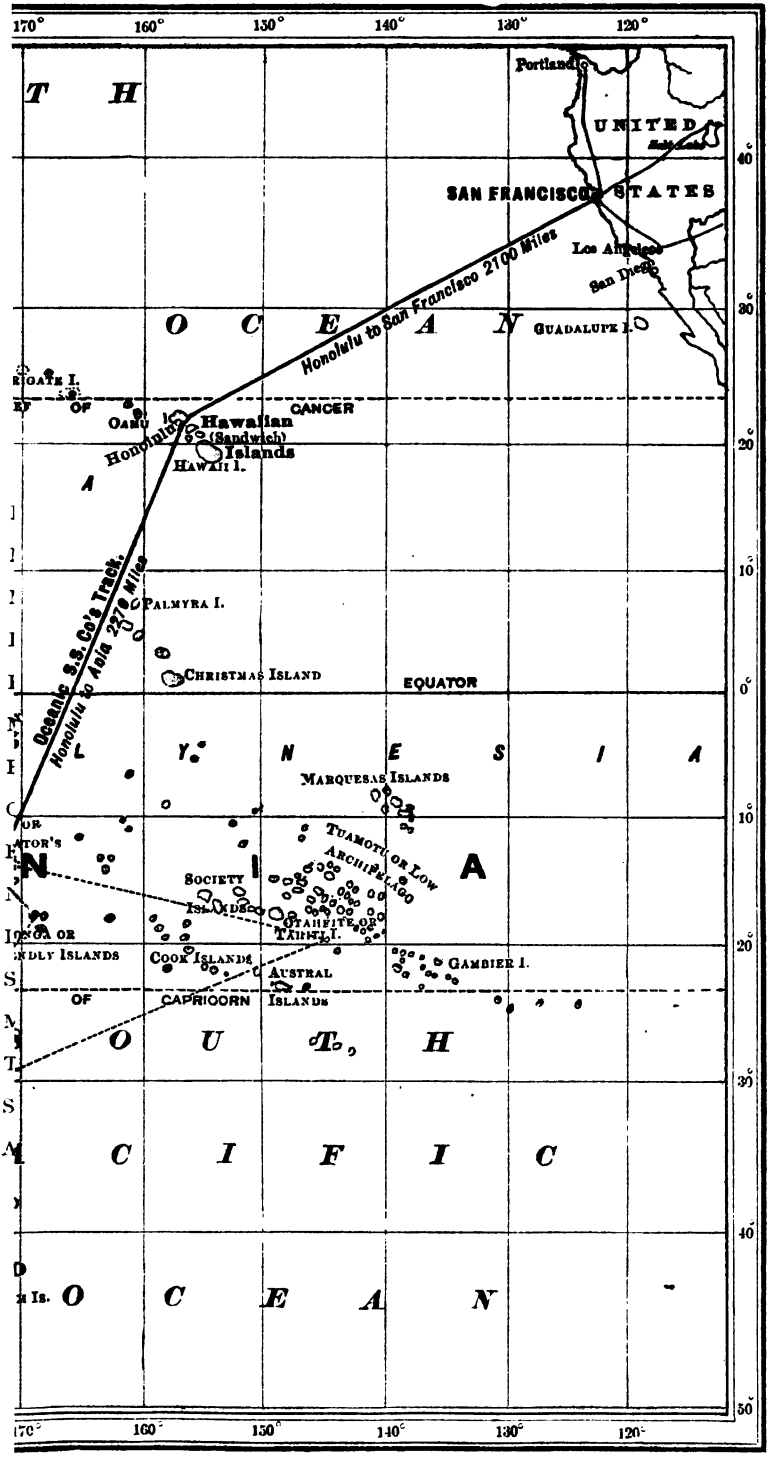
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Honolulu to Asia 2270 Miles
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TALOFA, SAMOA!

A SUMMER SAIL TO AN ENCHANTED ISLE

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

MANY people have but a faint idea of Samoa,—in spite of all that has been said and written about it,—as a resort for tourists. Many more have found out by delightful experience what the trip is. These will corroborate all that this little volume says and add to it enthusiastic praises only measured by their command of language.

But though Samoa may be known as a charming and curious place to visit, not many have rightly appreciated its pleasantness and healthfulness as a permanent abode, and it has been a source of wonder to these that such a man as Robert Louis Stevenson should have chosen to live there.

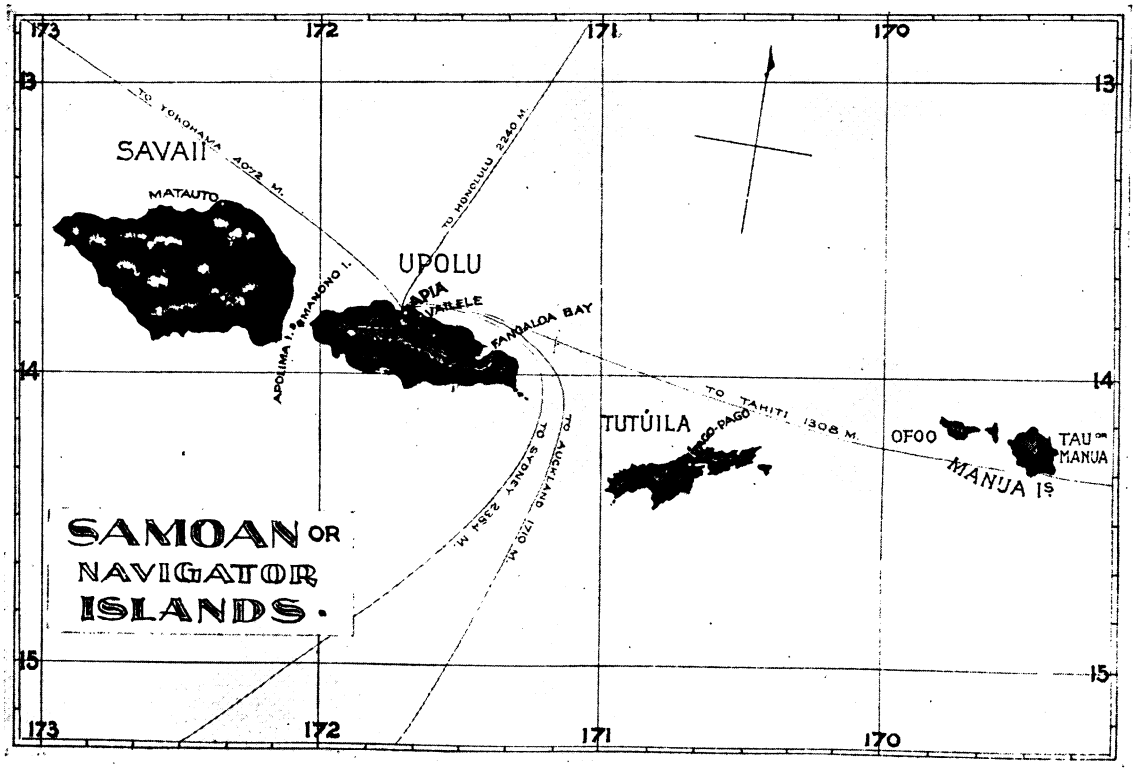
The journey to Samoa is made by the means of modern travel a pleasure both in experience and in memory.

CHAPTER II.

THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

SAMOA, like the Hawaiian Islands, is a group of islets built by volcanic forces aided by the work of the coral polyp. They are thirteen in number, as generally counted,—though, depending on where one draws the line between an islet and a mere rocky crag, they are sometimes stated as more, and sometimes less, down to nine. Three, however, are by far the most important in size and population. They lie between 13° 30′ and 14° 20′ south latitude, and between 169° and 173° west longitude, and are therefore thoroughly tropical, and lie pretty near that mysterious line where the ship suddenly sails out of one day into the day before.

The middle island of the three, Upolu, is the most interesting, though not the largest, for on it is situated Apia, the port of entry, and it is the seat of government. The lookout makes it out long before the unnautical eye can see


SAMOAN OR NAVIGATOR ISLANDS.
SAVAII
MATAUTO
UPOLU
APIA
VAILELE
FANGALOA BAY
APOLIMA I.
MANONO I.
TUTUILA
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anything but the level line of the horizon, but the steamer pushes on and soon the little blue cloud, not so large as a man's hand, grows and grows, and becomes more defined as a fair tropical island, densely wooded with a forest almost as dark as a pine grove, clear to the top of the fine mountain that crowns it.

On a nearer approach a beautiful waterfall some four hundred feet in height, gleaming silver against its somber background of volcanic rock, is used by mariners as a valuable landmark in making the harbor. It does not look easy to get into Apia harbor, for when the shipping lying peacefully inside can be plainly seen, and the houses of the town beyond, the long line of foaming breakers seems to stretch right across between without a clear space. Soon the little whaleboat of the pilot is seen bobbing up and down on the great swells, and when that worthy is taken aboard, he heads the steamer straight for the line of surf. As the great ship approaches, a narrow dot of blue is found between the raging combers on either side, and the great ship glides safely into the peaceful waters of the harbor.

Soon a swarm of boats surrounds the great black hull, and all is bustle and excitement. There are the natives to be studied, in the swarming canoes, each with its outrigger. There is the shore to be looked at, and the boundless wonders of the tropical foliage. And there are the more practical matters of gathering up one's belongings and securing passage to the shore and a room at the fine and

newly built Tivoli Hotel. One can hardly be held responsible for giving a clear account of his impressions that first day; for the strange and new, the beautiful and the marvelous, crowd in upon him till he ceases to do more than look and wonder and drink in all these curious sights, and leave to calmer times the setting in order of what he sees.

As our traveler gets things straightened around in his mind, he learns that Savaii is the largest island of the group and lies farthest west, or to leeward, as the people are very apt to say, that being the direction toward which the prevailing winds blow. It is about twenty by forty miles in extent, and has but one harbor, Matautu, and that not a good one. It is surrounded on two sides by a coral reef, however, which makes a lagoon of still water sufficient for small boats. The people live on the coast; for the density of the bush and the rough nature of the volcanic rocks that make up the interior are not inviting to travel, and there is no record that either white man or native has crossed the three ranges of mountains that make the backbone of the island. Around the circuit of the shore there is a good road, and on it are the principal villages. Only one is as much as six miles inland. Savaii's dense interior woods have as yet been of little avail, though doubtless they will become valuable in time, and the chief export is copra, or dried cocoanut. The cocoanut meat is cut into strips about four by six inches, drying down to about half that, and these are packed in burlap sacks, each containing from sixty to seventy pounds. It sells from one and a half to two cents a pound as made, and is collected by a chain of

agents of the British, German, and American houses, known as Savaii Squires,—white men, though rather of the class known as beach combers, and generally married to native wives. The copra is sent to Apia to be shipped to Hamburg, Liverpool, or San Francisco, and there sells for three or three and a half cents a pound, to be pressed for its oil, —the pulp used as a feed cake, or worked up by confectioners. Savaii contains one third of the native population of Samoa.

Upolu, the middle island of the group, is the home of nearly all the white population, and is the seat of government and of commerce. It is forty-five miles long by about fourteen broad, but is of less regular shape than Savaii, and contains about five hundred and eighty square miles. The channel that separates it from Savaii is but four miles broad. Apia is not a part of the native kingdom, but is governed by the three Consuls,—American, British, and German. It is disposed along the shore of the halfmoon shaped bay, and in its harbor twenty or thirty full-rigged ships would find room to lie at anchor. This harbor is quite sheltered and safe, except on rare occasions, when the equinoctial gales from the north, between March 5th and 25th, make havoc. These come but rarely and sailors and natives have learned when to look for them. The tale of the two most disastrous gales will be told in another chapter. Aside from these infrequent gales, Apia harbor is a thoroughly good anchorage, and generally several ships may be found in it.

The principal buildings in the straggling line on the

curving beach of Apia are the consulates, the Catholic cathedral, for here the Bishop of all the South Sea islands has his residence, the churches of the several Protestant denominations, the warehouses of the Hamburg Company and other trading concerns, the new Tivoli Hotel, and many other creditable buildings, a few of them solidly built of cut coral rock. The natives, it is hardly needful to mention, have been crowded away from the water front. Their huts are more numerous on the side of the town lying on the marshy land at the rear, for Apia is built on a bank of firm land between a marsh and the bay. The bay would probably be entirely closed in by the reef were it not that the Vaisigayo River, flowing by the town, seeks its outlet and where its channel leads, makes the water of the bay too fresh for the coral to grow in it.

The third of the larger islands, lies about forty miles to the windward, east, of Upolu. Tutuila, seventeen miles long and two hundred and thirty in circuit, is interesting to Americans, containing the harbor of Pago Pago, ceded to the United States as a coaling station. This fine harbor, by far the largest and best in the group, nearly cuts the island asunder. The other smaller islets of the group stretch along the same east and west line, the farthest about sixty miles from Tutuila, or lie under the shelter of the larger islands, mere broken off fragments.

There are two seasons in the Samoan climate, the hot and rainy, January, February, and March, and the dry season. The second is the best time for visiting the group. The thermometer seldom registers over 82°, and seldom

PAGO PAGO HARBOR, TUTUILA.

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below 72°, except high up on the hills. This uniformity of temperature as well as its mildness renders the climate peculiarly favorable to persons whose lungs are weak.

In spite of its tropical climate the nights are cool, and travelers too adventurously exploring the bush, and so compelled to spend the night in the open air without proper camping outfits, have suffered a good deal from the cold. Cool nights, however, under normal circumstances are far from being a fault.

There is a striking difference in the South Sea islands as to fertility. The newly formed ones, comparatively, have a thin soil of lava, sand, and scoriæ, with a light mixture of vegetable matter, hardly rich enough to support a thin bush and straggling palms. But Samoa is perhaps the richest of all, and its dense forests grow on a deep black soil that seems to know no exhaustion. The cocoanut palm is much seen on the sea shore and bears most heavily there. Together with the bread-fruit, yam, and taro plant, it furnishes the staple of the native diet, aided of course by the abundant fish of many sorts. Banian trees are found often of very large size.

The upland bush is well described by ex-Acting British Consul Churchward in his "My Consulate in Samoa," a book to which I gladly confess obligation for much in this little volume.

As we got higher, so changed the character of what may be termed the minor bush, the larger trees just of the same kind as on the lower levels; and scattered now on all sides . . . were to be seen the gracefully drooping fern trees . . . whilst every now and then Indian scenery

would be brought to the memory by thickets of bamboo, in the vicinity of which the ground was invariably found to be swampy.

Hundreds of handsome plants, with very luxuriant parti-colored foliage, helped to make up, most harmoniously, a really beautiful bush; whilst every here and there the flowers of the scarlet and white hibiscus relieved with grand effect what some people might take to be the too severe monotony of the green.

The large trees were of many kinds, but all described as useful. . . . One of the most noticeable is a tree somewhat resembling the chestnut, throwing out to some yards from its main trunk flat buttresses of an even thickness throughout. This is the wonderful tree which travelers have reported, without belief, as growing ready-made boards, and such is really the case.

Wild ginger and arrowroot in profusion, together with tapioca, indigo, and other plants without number . . . formed the pleasing foliage of the parterre through which we were passing.

The native animals of Samoa are few and small, the only sport in the hunting line is furnished by wild pigs, ducks and pigeons.

A pretty paragraph about the birds of Samoa is to be found in Marie Fraser's bright book, "In Stevenson s Samoa."

The upper veranda, which overlooked garden, plantations, and a wide stretch of forest, was an excellent point of vantage from which to watch the innumerable wild birds that came to feed on nutmegs and other tropical fruits. As day dawned and the light crept over mountain and forest, the "veha," a little rail with mottled black and brown plumage, in which the spirit of the god "Alii Tu," was supposed to live, would emerge from the bushes and warily creep across the grass, picking up insects here and there . . . Then, as the sun flashed his first beams on dew-laden tree and flower, the clear, liquid note of the "jao" (wattled honey-eater) was heard, and he and his mate might be seen

busy among the blossoms of the mummy apple; and the "fuia," a dark-plumaged starling, which represented the spirit of a sort of god called "Moso," joined in with mellow voice. Among the forest trees many species of doves flitted from branch to branch, their beautiful plumage —green, pink, white, purple, and gray—showing clearly against the somber foliage. Later, as the sun grew more powerful, the "sargas," exquisite little parrakeets, with feathers of the gayest—green, blue, crimson, purple, and yellow—came chattering by in pairs, and might be seen clinging to the fruit blossoms, from which they sucked the nectar; and overhead the tropic birds sailing in wide circles, their snowy plumage and long red tail-feathers (the latter a distinguishing feature in the head-dress of certain Samoan chiefs) showing distinctly against the blue sky.

* * *

CHAPTER III.

THE PEOPLE OF SAMOA.

BUT after all, the most interesting thing about Samoa is not its fair scenery and tropic flora and fauna, but the people. To see these it is not enough to spend ashore the few hours that the mail steamers stop; for it is the worst class of natives that are found on the "the beach,"—those that have picked up at the same time white men's cast-off garments and evil ways, and the chances are that they are not pure blooded Samoans at all.

In the six days mentioned earlier in this book as the shortest possible stay in making a quick round trip, something may be done, if the voyager is energetic in employing the scanty time, and pushes boldly away from Apia into some of the smaller towns. But the longer the time given to the study of the Samoan natives the more attached does the student become, for they are a noble race, simple, honest, affectionate, and above all hospitable.

MAUAI'A'A.

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They have strict ideas of etiquette, and their ceremonies among themselves are full of polite expressions and punctilious observances.

Americans generally have gained a pretty good idea as to the physique of the Samoan from the specimens they saw at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco. They know the warm brown skins, the bushy black hair, except where it is stained a dull golden brown by the plentiful bleachings with lime. They have heard their plaintive and warlike songs, their dances with beating of clubs and spears in time to the music; have seen the comely women and their gentle swayings in rhythm with the more active dances of the men. They know too their costumes, the lava-lava of tapa, mulberry bark cloth, about the loins, the necklaces, armlets, and anklets, and the tall and fantastic head-dresses of the warriors.

Besides this costume they wear an abundant coat of cocoanut oil,—which causes them to glisten as if varnished, —and the men are tattooed. Tattooing is the ceremony that Samoan youth goes through when he assumes the *toga virilis*, only this toga is not a flowing robe, but a sort of breeches tattooed on the brown skin in small zigzag blue lines. It adds much to their appearance, and Miss Fraser expresses her gratitude at the custom, saying, that no matter how few the Samoan's other garments are, he never looks quite naked.

But all these things give but a superficial idea of the Samoans. It needs to go among them away from Apia

and foreign influences, and to see them in their natural state with all their strange and beautiful customs. This is no difficult matter to the traveler in Samoa; for alone, unarmed and unattended save by his Samoan guides and helpers, he may journey through all the villages of the land without the least danger of receiving anything but the kindest, most courteous, nay even the most warmly hospitable treatment. His appearance in a village will be greeted with *talofas*, meaning like the Hawaiian, *Aloha*, "Love to you." The young men and maidens will gather about him in friendly curiosity, tempered by the most absolute respect, and will conduct him to the village guest house. There the *tapo*, or maid of the village, will graciously receive him, and soon there will be placed in his hand a *hipu*, cup, of the grateful and refreshing *kava*.

The *tapo* of a village is a maiden, sometimes the daughter of the chief, sometimes only of good but not chiefly family, chosen often from a very early age, five years old or so, to act as a sort of perpetual Queen of the May. She is given a retinue of attendants, generally the dwarfs or misshapen persons, who are not able to fight or labor. She is adorned with the most elaborate mats of *tappa*, beautifully figured, and so many of them on great occasions as to be quite a burden, but they represent the wealth of the village. She leads all the processions of the people in their many ceremonials, as that bearing the taxes or tribute to the king, and she goes at the head of the village contingent of warriors when they march to battle. Should she be struck by a flying bullet in this service, it is gravely mourned by

PALA.

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the foe, for they would never dream of trying to hurt a woman. Her term of office is during good behavior or until she is sought in marriage, or rather until a marriage is arranged for her by the talking men, or elders, of the village. Her own wishes are seldom consulted; she must pay the penalty of her greatness by marrying the man picked out for her, whose help in war will be of use to her people. During good behavior, means a good deal in her case, as envious rivals are on the watch to detect any slip that might justify her deposition. The train of attendants is needed by her rather as witnesses in her behalf in case of a false accusation than as a safeguard from any physical harm. It is her duty to welcome strangers, to see that they are served with all the rites of hospitality, and given a good impression of the village.

First among these rites, as I have mentioned, is the kava drinking. Kava is made from the root of the *Piper methysticum*, and its making involves quite a little ceremony. The primitive way of kava making is still practised where squeamish foreign nations have not introduced such *tongafities*,—deviltries,—as graters. The most beautiful maidens at hand are chosen as kava makers, and they are seated before the *tanea*, a shallow bowl of hard wood supported on very short legs. The kava root, either green or dried, is cut into small slices, and the girls, having previously carefully rinsed out their mouths, chew it up into a fine pulp. This they store in their cheeks and take in fresh slices until the burden becomes too great, when the mass is ejected into the bowl and water is poured on it.

When enough has been chewed it is stirred and strained with a swab of fibrous roots called a *fou*. Then the *hipu*, a cup of carved cocoanut shell, is filled and it is announced in a loud voice that So and So—beginning with the most important personage present—is about to drink. Wars have begun in Samoa over disputed precedence in kava drinking. The person to whom the drink is presented swallows it at a draught and gracefully spins the cup back across the mat so that it will stop, still spinning, before the kava maidens. It is filled again and given to the next in rank, and so on. At first strangers do not like kava, it looks like soapy water, and has a disagreeable odor. This and a groundless prejudice against the method of manufacture cause them to take their first draught of it strongly against their wills, and only because they know that to refuse it would be a more pronounced discourtesy than to decline to drink whisky out of a tin cup with a cowboy. Their objections do not last long, however, and after a few drinks, they learn to take it as eagerly as the natives. It seems to suit the place and climate better than any other beverage.

Should there be no maiden in the house when a visitor arrives or any transaction calls for kava drinking, it is quite proper to go out on the street and call in the first girl that passes to perform the service,—and this she may not refuse to do though she be the king's daughter. It is most surprising how soon the foreign visitor ceases to find anything objectionable in the kava chewing, and indeed it is conducted with such scrupulous cleanliness, and such careful selection of the daintiest and most graceful girls to act as

kava chewers, that it is worse in the telling than in the reality. But like all the simple customs it is growing less common, and graters are substituted in the parts of the islands most visited by foreigners.

With kava to drink and cocoanuts, breadfruit, taro, and yams to eat, aided by fish from the ocean and streams, and an occasional fowl or pig cooked "*faa Samoa*,"—Samoan style,—that is, wrapped in banana leaves and baked on hot stones, in a hole in the ground, clambake fashion,—the natives are happy. To get these, it will be noted, but little labor is needed, and the Samoan generally lives a life of elegant leisure. At certain times in the year, a curious sea-worm called *palolo*, comes to the surface of the ocean at sunrise, and these are considered a great delicacy.

The foreign residents vary their diet a good deal more. They have all the range of tropical fruits, and occasionally can get a cut of *bullimacow*,—Samoan for beef. This name was the result of the first shipment of cattle to the island. When the natives asked the names of the primal pair, they were told it was "a bull and a cow,"—and *bullimacow* it has been ever since to them. "Peasoupo" is another main dependence of the white people. It is the generic name given by the natives to all canned goods,—from which it is easy to infer that the first importation in cans was pea soup. Fairly good servants can be had at low wages, though it may require a little patience at the start to get the native to understand the use of all the *tongafities*—inventions of the evil one—connected with foreign housekeeping. They are easily managed and always

interested and faithful so long as they stay, but are like children in many respects, having to be humored, and being subject to whims, when they may suddenly dismiss themselves from your service with no ceremony whatever, —sometimes leaving a comparatively large sum due them in wages.

The Samoans are all, nominally at least, Christians. About one fifth are Roman Catholic, and the rest Protestant. There is also a Mormon chapel at Apia. Churchward several times expresses his wonder that so small a proportion have chosen the Roman faith, for that Church takes pains to get up gorgeous ceremonies for them, with decorations and processions, and all the impressive accessories that appeal to the barbaric taste. All travelers speak well of the Sisters' schools for girls, and the work done in them.

There seems to be but little crime among the natives,—an occasional murder done in a burst of ungovernable rage, but little else, where they have not been taught evil ways by white influence. Perhaps their honesty is a little dependent on their curious customs as to ownership. They live, or did live until white men's ideas as to *meum* and *tuum* were forced upon them, in a sort of communistic fashion, completely so as between members of the same family. Anything acquired by one belongs to all. A native may make a fine canoe, but when it is finished a kinsman may express a desire for it, and it is promptly given to him. Food, in especial, is common property, and no native would think of denying any neighbor that asked, a portion of what he had to eat. This patriarchal simplicity

CLOSEGA.—NATIVE VILLAGE.

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is passing away, but enough still remains to be quaint and curious in the studying of it, and it must be said too, enough to make it difficult to get the Samoans to adopt habits of industry. They will not labor on the plantations, because anything that they buy with their wages must be shared with their less industrious kinsfolk. The result is that natives from other islands have been brought to Samoa in numbers as laborers.

This long chapter must not end without a description of the Samoan dwelling. It is round or oval as to ground plan, and is made of uprights covered by a dome-shaped roof thatched with palm leaves. The spaces between the uprights are filled with curtains of plaited cocoanut leaves, which may be rolled up at will. The floor is nicely paved with smooth stones from the beach and covered with mats. There is but little furniture, cooking is all done outside, and the principal wealth of the household is in *tappa* mats, which are kept carefully rolled up and enveloped in coarser mats. They sleep on bundles of mats, and in little shelters made of curtains to keep out the mosquitoes. It will be noted that a sweet simplicity characterizes these homes, which are chiefly notable for their ventilation.

* * *

CHAPTER IV.

HISTORICAL.

A GOOD and thoroughly authoritative account of Samoan history, albeit somewhat condensed, has been prepared for this little book by United States Consul J. H. Mulligan, of Apia. With slight modification it is as follows:

SAMOA was first visited by Bougainville in 1768, and to-day the natives can tell you just how he appeared, the names of his principal officers, and the presents which they gave and received.

The people are the finest savage race in existence, they are light brown in color and are remarkably well developed physically. They originally came to Samoa over eight hundred years ago from the Island of Sumatra. A party of less than fifty set out in seven crazy canoes in pursuit of some imaginary devils whom they wished to overtake and destroy. They visited several points in the Philippines, and finally crossed the great expanse of the Pacific far enough north to take advantage of the westerly breezes. After suffering

untold hardships and being compelled to resort to cannibalism to preserve their lives, they reached the Island of Oahu in the neighborhood of Honolulu. The Hawaiian islanders received them with great kindness, and after a long sojourn with their hospitable friends they again set out on their travels, taking with them an Hawaiian chief named Leapai, Tualagi, and several others. Before reaching Samoa the fleet of canoes visited the Hervy Group and several coral islands, all of which they found uninhabited.

They arrived at Upolu from the eastward, and being tired of travel, they were immensely delighted when the high peak of Manua was sighted. On this island the first settlement was made and their highest chief was styled Tupu, or king.

It was many years before the natural increase of this small colony was able to occupy to any great extent the westward islands of the group. Some six hundred years ago the Tongans first visited Samoa, and within a few years a considerable intercourse sprang up, and many important marriages between the chiefs and highest families took place. In the course of time the Tongans assisted by some of the Samoans sought to obtain control of the country, and owing to the superior leadership of their war chiefs, they were so far successful that in every island of the group the natives fled to the mountains, defending the rugged passes and almost inaccessible cliffs against their active and relentless enemies. In this war from time to time the Tongans were joined by small parties of Fijians, and the custom of eating the remains of the slain was universally practised,—until

finally from motives now unexplainable the hitherto mild Samoan adopted also this barbarous custom, and orgies of the most horrifying character were frequent.

For nearly eighty years the Tongans were in disputed possession of the country and held the coast line of the three largest islands, depriving the original inhabitants of the fisheries and of the use of the sea water, which was much used in their cookery. During this period the Samoans built many substantial roads over the roughest sort of country, and the remains of these great works are still to be seen in many of the inland districts. In many cases they are used to this very day. The dry stone walls are built so carefully that the rocks still maintain their original positions, though doubtless shaken by many a mighty convulsion of nature in an age when phenomena of this sort were far from uncommon.

Adversity, that strongest of all incentives to desperate resolve, finally drove the Samoans to recommence an active and aggressive campaign, and in a comparatively short period the Tongans were driven from Savaii and Upolu to the easternmost islands of the group, where they would have been allowed to remain in peace had not the Samoan chiefs of those islands come to Upolu and humbly begged the assistance of their victorious countrymen. After a preparation occupying nearly two years a fleet was gotten together, and under the command of several chiefs it sailed for Tutuila, where a party of the Tongans were met and defeated. After this the Tongans abandoned the island,

FA'ASITO'O.—NATIVE VILLAGE.

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and soon afterwards the islands to the eastward, which had also been under their control.

The practice of cannibalism survived the departure of its introducers for full three hundred years, but was abandoned by the Samoans some time before the arrival of the first white man.

On the arrival of the missionaries, about 1833, Malietoa who was christened Davita was found to be the most powerful chief, his rule extending over the greater part of Savaii and a part of Upolu, but beyond those districts he had little or no influence. In 1872 the natives of the islands applied to General Grant to appoint Colonel A. B. Steinberger of New York, who had already visited the islands as a special agent as their general adviser. In 1874 Colonel Steinberger arrived in Samoa with letters of recommendation from General Grant and also with a considerable supply of firearms and a fine steam launch. He organized and set upon its feet the best government the islands had ever known, but in doing this he curtailed to some extent certain privileges which had hitherto been uninterruptedly enjoyed by the whites, and so he incurred their undying enmity. National jealousies likewise figured largely in the case, and after a short reign, not exceeding one year in duration, the Colonel was forcibly deported by a British warship, the United States Consul a worthless man, wholly under British influence, and King Malietoa Laupepa assisting and approving.

The result of these measures was an insurrection in favor of the Colonel, then a prisoner on board the Barracouta.

The King was deposed and compelled to flee to Savaii, and an attempt by Captain Stevens and an active and intriguing missionary to re-instate him, resulted in a conflict at Mulinuu, during which a number of British sailors and some Samoans lost their lives. Malietoa Laupepa's deposition was confirmed and he was succeeded by his uncle Talavou. For several years the faithful natives waited in vain for the return of the Colonel to whom they were greatly attached. During this time another British warship visited the place and on a most fanciful pretext gave the unoffending natives the option of paying a fine of five thousand dollars or submitting to a bombardment.

Previous to this the harbor of Pago Pago had been ceded to the United States as a coaling and supply station for naval purposes, and in 1879 the Samoan ambassador, Le Mamea, returned to the islands from Washington, bearing with him a treaty of peace and amity. This was duly ratified by the Samoan government, which sought in every way to express its gratitude towards the first of the great powers that treated it with courtesy. Feasts were prepared for the officers of the Adams, which vessel had returned Le Mamea to the islands, and it is safe to estimate that more than two thousand pigs and an immense number of fowls, fish, and other native productions, were presented to the ship.

Upon the death of Talavou, Laupepa again succeeded, and he in turn was again deposed and exiled by a German fleet in 1888, on grounds as valid as those which had formerly served the British. An insurrection under the leadership of Malietoa Mataafa and the active interference of the

United States in the matter resulted in the bringing about of the Berlin Conference which declared in favor of Laupepa. The return of Laupepa and his re-instatement, in opposition to the wishes of most of the natives, who were heartily tired of him, and who were strongly in favor of the retention of Mataafa, who had defeated the German forces at Vailili. This gave rise to the troubles which have since operated disastrously upon the general welfare of the group.

In 1893, Laupepa with the assistance of a German and British warship defeated Mataafa near Apia, and shortly afterward that brave chieftain surrendered to the British ship rather than continue the struggle against the odds opposed to him. Together with some twenty of his principal chiefs he was deported to the island of Jaluit in the Marshal group, where he remains to the present time, a striking illustration of the mean and despicable policy which sometimes is allowed to control the councils of the most enlightened nations, in order to gratify most unworthy ends.

On the return of Laupepa after his forcible deportation by the Germans to the pestilential coast of Africa, his very first official act was to abdicate in favor of the great chief, Mataafa, who had practically won his release. The Berlin Treaty having provided that an election for King should take place, Mataafa had been induced to waive his claim until such time as the free choice of his countrymen should seat him upon the throne. European diplomacy however, was too much for this simple and trusting chieftain, and the plain meaning of the Berlin Treaty was perverted and he was driven into rebellion by the clamors of the great

majority of his people, who considered that he had been tricked and deeply injured.

Justice, which generally rights itself, has dealt in no favoring mood with the man who expected to profit by these transactions, for Malietoa Laupepa has met with no flattering reception. His past faults and delinquencies have been piled up against him, and the assistance which both England and Germany have lent him during the past four years have been ineffectual in establishing his rule. Almost within sight of his residence he may view the habitations of those who are still faithful to Mataafa or who are at least anxiously awaiting his downfall, and have so far successfully resisted his tax gatherers and his marshals.

The native disturbances, however annoying they may be to the trader, are of small moment to the planter, who in the prosecution of his labors depends little and perhaps not at all upon the Samoan for assistance. It is very seldom that his property is at all molested, except in times when food is very scarce, on which occasion he may be despoiled of some of his bananas, and if he is not on the lookout, of some of his pigs also. As the foreign residents of the islands and the best of the native element are now holding joint conferences, it is hoped with good reason that an end will soon be put to the present vexatious situation and that a cheap and effectual government will be formed which will give general satisfaction to both races.

This account of Consul Mulligan's agrees excellently with the best authorities on Samoan history, especially

NET FISHING, MATAUTU CORNER.

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Stevenson's "A Footnote to History; or, Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa." That, however, closes in 1892, and gives no account of the deportation of Mataafa to the Marshals.

And being so brief, Consul Mulligan's account gives little idea to those unacquainted with the South Sea islanders of how they fight and how like children they really are.

Up to the time of the battle at Matautu Point, when the Germans were so roughly handled by Mataafa's men, the Samoans had great respect and dread of the white men. The great warships containing so many *tongafities*, seemed wonderful and irresistible to the simple islander, until he saw six of them piled in hopeless wreck by the great hurricane.

To digress a moment, the word *tongafitie*, invention of the evil one, is said to be a compound of Tonga and Fiji, a combination easy to understand in the light of the history given by the Consul.

In consequence of their dread of the white men and their ships, the Samoans never dreamed of resisting anything that was demanded unanimously by the three consular powers, England, Germany, and the United States. Apia had for some time been removed from the authority of the King, and was governed by the Consuls. The natives called the territory so reserved *eleele sa*,—sacred soil, —and did not murmur, though its sequestration despoiled the monarchy of by far the greater part of its taxable wealth. For this reason, though the war raged at Mulir uu and Matautu, the two horns of the halfmoon Apia bay, the town itself was unharmed.

White men during the hostilities could go and come amid the fighting men, from one line to the other, and take no harm, their only risk being from a random bullet.

The Samoans were well armed with modern guns, supplied them at great profit by traders, but they did not know how to use these weapons very well and wasted many times a man's weight in lead for every one killed. The supply of ammunition ran low when the fight had been long continued, until a single cartridge cost as much as twelve cents.

The battles went on with great shouting and tremendous rattle of musketry, but with little loss of life, and the whites and the women came and went at will during the fight but little concerned about it all. The Samoans still practise to some extent the old custom of taking the head of a slain enemy as a trophy.

One cause of confusion in reading of Samoan affairs is the misunderstanding as to the word Malietoa. It means Ruler of Malie. Samoa is a federated monarchy, not a simple kingdom. The five districts of Upolu, the ruling island, name each its own ruler. When two or three agree on the same ruler, he is able to enforce his authority and take tribute from all the rest. Malie is a large district, and as it has happened, has given a ruler to the island frequently. Laupepa, and on his deportation Mataafa, were alike Malietoa. Tamasese, the puppet king, ruler of Aona, one of the provinces, whom the Germans set up when they deported Malietoa Laupepa in 1888, was not Malietoa at all in the eyes of Samoans, and it was his attempt to assume the title

that led to the insurrection under Mataafa, ruler of Atua, who had duly been chosen Malietoa.

The origin of the word is fancifully given by Churchward, who says it was first used by the defeated Tongans:—

> They were at last driven out of the island by a doughty warrior, who finally compelled them to embark in their canoes to return home. Before leaving the shore the Tongans generously expressed their admiration of the deeds of daring of their conqueror by shouting out, "Malle Toa," which being translated means, "Well done, good fighting-cock:" and this was the origin of the family name of the present king Malietoa.

The whole matter of these barbarian discords and battles is hard to understand, and impossible to convey in succinct form without misstatement.

The main point to be made here is that however much fighting there may be going on, or however unsettled it may be who is king or not king, the visitor to the islands need have no fear. Apia is sacred soil, safe from the hostile foot, and the white man is also sacred, not to be harmed unless he interfere most outrageously in what is not his affair.

It is to be doubted whether internal peace can come to Samoa until Laupepa and Mataafa are both dead. Laupepa is not acceptable to the Samoans, who have learned to admire more the hero of the Fangalii fight, and Mataafa by that affair and his general opposition to Tamasese, the German candidate, will never be allowed to return to rule in peace so long as German influence is strong in Samoa.

CHAPTER V.

THE FAMOUS HURRICANE.

So MUCH has been said and written about the great hurricane of 1889, and it has been commonly credited with results of so great importance that even so cursory an account of Samoa as this must make a chapter of it.

As to consequences, persons well informed are not wanting who declare that it alone prevented a war between America and Germany, and it is generally understood that it was the burst of patriotic pride in the United States over the conduct of its sailors, and of patriotic shame that such men should have been lost because of the antiquated character of the ships they manned, that gave a great impetus to the American White Navy, then just begun.

It is hard to realize, dimmed as it has been by time, and by the occurrence of more exciting war scares since then, how strained the relations were in Apia Bay in March of 1889, between the powers there represented. The little

moon-shaped harbor was crowded with seven ships of war, beside several sail of the merchant fleet. The Olga, Adler, and Eber, German ships of war, had done so much in active support of Tamasese that the English and American part of the population and their representatives, both consular and naval, were greatly incensed. Marines had been landed from the German ships and German blood had been shed, while Samoan villages had been bombarded by these ships.

Matters had come to such a pass when Admiral Kimberly dropped anchor from his flagship, the Trenton, in the very mouth of the harbor,—not being able to enter because of the number of ships already there,—that it required but a spark to set the Trenton, the Vandalia, and the Nipsic, American ships of war, with the encouragement and perhaps physical support of the Calliope, an English war-ship, to exchanging broadsides with the German ships. The Germans had even profaned the *eleele sa*, sacred soil, of the neutral Apia, for warlike purposes. So there the seven grim monsters lay, waiting but a word to begin their work of destruction on each other, and stubbornly refusing to heed the signs of a coming storm that would in ordinary times have warned them to put to sea and get miles of blue water between them and those coral reefs.

This was not the first of Samoan hurricanes. They come once in six or sever years at the time of the vernal equinox, between March 5th and 25th. On March 25th, 1883, eight ships had been destroyed by a similar storm.

But neither German, nor American, nor English, could seem to show the white feather, even though the barometer

fell to 26, and the natives knew enough to stop fighting and prepare for a storm. The story of the storm has often been told. Stevenson relates it in "A Footnote to History." The newspapers at the time were full of it.

The great waves that poured into the harbor straight from the north rather gathered than lost force, and all the ships were tossing to and fro, so that they collided with each other and tore away bowsprits, smoke-stacks, and spars. All were steaming to relieve the strain on the anchor chains.

The Eber was the first to go. She struck and sank in deep water under the edge of the inshore reef. All but four of her eighty men perished. The Nipsic was more fortunate, and was beached on the sands so that her crew was mostly saved. The Adler was skilfully cast loose as a great wave struck her, and was carried bodily over the dangerous edge and cast high on the top of the reef. She still lies there, a huge and dismantled hulk, one of the most prominent landmarks of Apia harbor today, a grim monument to the score of her crew that perished. And she is a monument to something more, something vastly to the credit of our human nature done by these same ignorant Samoans. The natives of the Apia district and the fighting men around it were Mataafa's men, who had fought the German marines a few days before, and who had every reason to hate these foreigners. But this was no time to consider friend or foe. These were human beings in deadly peril, and as soon as the sea allowed, the brave Samoans formed lines and dashed again and again into the surf in

the almost hopeless task of getting a rope to the doomed ship. They succeeded at last, but at the gravest peril to Samoan lives.

And here we come to one of the thrilling events of the storm. The *Calliope*, the English ship, had more powerful engines than any of the others,—for the Americans especially were of a wretchedly antique character. Threatened on the one side by the Olga and on the other by the Vandalia dragging down upon her, she cut her cables, put on a full head of steam, and slowly gathering way, steamed out of the harbor right in the teeth of the gale. As she passed the old Trenton she had but fifty yards of space between her and the reef, and this was so little in the fierce rolling and pitchings that damage was done to her spars. The Trenton knew herself doomed. Her rudder was broken, her wheel carried away; the seas pouring into the hawser holes, faultily constructed, had put out her fires. But up to this time her cables held, although they knew it could not be for long. Discipline was yet perfect and her crew was lined upon her decks as the Calliope passed, and led by Admiral Kimberly himself, cheered the English ship on her way to a safety that they could not hope for.

The Vandalia next struck the reef in a vain attempt to reach the beach where the Nipsic lay. She sunk and many of her crew were lost, while the rest clung helplessly to the tops which still remained above water.

The Trenton began to part her cables, and to come drifting stern first down the harbor. To escape her helpless lunges the Olga was forced to cut loose from her moorings

and to beach herself near Matautu, where she had the best beach of all the stranded ships. Then the Trenton bore down on the sunken Vandalia and threatened the helpless sailors clinging to her masts. But this was turned into a means of deliverance, for by quick and skillful work all these men were got to the Trenton's deck, and she rolled up to the side of the lost Vandalia and sank to the gun deck by her side. After daylight on the following day, the 16th, lines were safely got to the Trenton, and all her crew but one was saved.

Of all the ships in Apia harbor when the hurricane began but one little schooner rode out the storm, and the Calliope got to sea in a damaged condition. Not a German or American ship was left afloat to carry on their quarrel. Fifty Americans and ninety-six Germans had been lost, and the rest were shipwrecked sailors fed by the generosity of the Samoans.

Leumann, chief of Apia, was given a fine boat by the the United States Government in recognition of his heroism in the rescue work, and many a Samoan wears proudly a watch or ring from the same source.

I remember a speech of General W. H. L. Barnes at a political meeting in San Francisco soon after the hurricane, in which he summed up its effects in America in the stirring words: "And when Americans heard how their seamen had acted on that day, they swore that such sailors should have decks fit for their royal feet."

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LEUMANUTAFU'S HOUSE, APIA.

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CHAPTER VI.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

NOTHING has done more to bring Samoa to the knowledge of the world of late years than the residence there of Robert Louis Stevenson. His reason for going there, and for staying there after he had once tested its benefits, was that he had a bronchial affection that threatened to involve the lungs also. While he stayed in the mild and equable, yet bracing climate of this tropic sea-girt isle he was comparatively well. He could go and come with other people, could ride horseback, and could enjoy life, beside accomplishing a vast deal of work in his chosen field. When he left Samoa it was to grow worse and worse as the steamer went farther and farther from it, until by the time he reached San Francisco or Sydney he could but crawl wretchedly to his hotel, there to go to bed and stay until a steamer was ready to carry him back to his ocean home.

His name is writ large in Samoan matters; for the natives

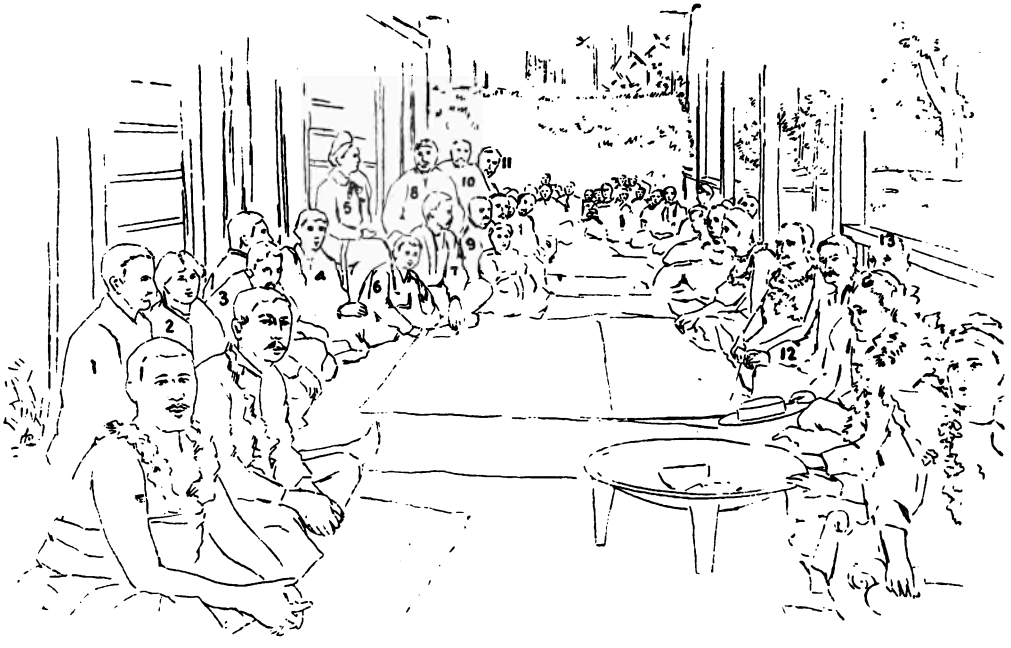
loved and respected their Tusitala,—maker of stories,—and relied much on his counsel in their troubled affairs. That peace was even in a measure obtained in the time of his sojourn between the followers of Mataafa and Laupepa, was owing to him.

Many have been the descriptions of the ideal tropic home at the base of Mt. Vaea, of its happy home life, of its delightful hospitalities to visitors, and of its devoted and picturesque band of native servitors with their lava lavas of the Stuart plaid. Stevenson would not allow the domestics to adopt the European dress, and was in the habit of taking away and quietly burying his cast-off clothing, so that the "boys" should not claim it.

"A Foot note to History; or, Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa", the book in which Stevenson tells of the wars in Samoa, shows on every page how closely and sympathetically he watched all the things that pertained to the welfare of his beloved Samoans. It is one of the most charming bits of history writing that it has been my lot to read. The chapter on the Hurricane is a wonderfully vivid piece of description.

How kindly Stevenson received strangers at his home, and a good idea of the life in that home, is given in Marie Fraser's "In Stevenson's Samoa." It is the narrative of the visit to the island of two bright English women, told in a very pleasing style. Her account of the native feast given to their "Tusitala" on his birthday, and the simple and kindly way in which Stevenson received the honor and

STEVENSON'S BIRTHDAY FETE. (SEE BACK.)



1. R. T. Chatfield.
2. Mrs. R. L. Stevenson.
3. R. L. Stevenson.
4. Lloyd Osborne.
5. Mrs. S. Stevenson.
6. Master Strong.
7. Graham Balfour.
8. President Schmidt.
9. E. W. Gurr.
10. W. L. Chambers, U. S. Land Commissioner.
11. B. Haggard.
12. U. S. Con. Gen. Mulligan.
13. His Honor H. C. Ide.

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joined in all its observances is a charming picture of the great man and of the people among whom he lived.

But this idyllic life could not last, Stevenson's constitution had been too far undermined by his ceaseless work, and all the world has heard how he was stricken down. The story of that last attack as he was engaged in the kindly task of making a favorite salad for his loved ones, is familiar to hundreds of thousands who had learned to love the bright and kindly spirit that gave so much of itself in everything he wrote. Then there is the story of the sad funeral procession, and how his devoted dusky friends performed wonders of labor in cutting a path up to the top of his beloved Mount Vaea, and in carrying the body up to where it would have a fitting burial place on the summit, blown about by the breezes of the great ocean, kissed by the dawn and sunset light, and serving man still, the grave being a landmark that continually guides the shipman as he approaches Apia.

His home and his grave will be for many years to come the shrines to which pilgrims from over the seas will journey with pious steps, and not less will the children of the soil tenderly care for and watch over the resting place of Tusitala, their friend.

I close with a quotation from Miss Fraser describing the place where the world gained so many delightful stories and essays that it will not soon let die.

The library at Vailima was a beautiful room opening on the second veranda, and the walls lined with books, arms, and pictures. "But I can't write in that room," said our host; "it's all so *suitable* for a literary man—drives every idea out of my head. Sometimes I go in to look

up something, but I generally seize the book and rush off with it to my den."

So we crossed the flying bridge from one veranda to another, and entered his little work room, with its bare floor and varnished walls.

"This," he continued, curling himself up on a mat in the corner, "is the sort of place I can write in—where nothing looks like literature. A deal kitchen table and a small bed are all I require; chairs are an unnecessary luxury; a mat flung on the ground is all one wants."

And from where we sat could be seen the snow-white tropic birds soaring over Vaea, the summit of which he always spoke of as his last resting place on earth.

* * *

CHAPTER VII.

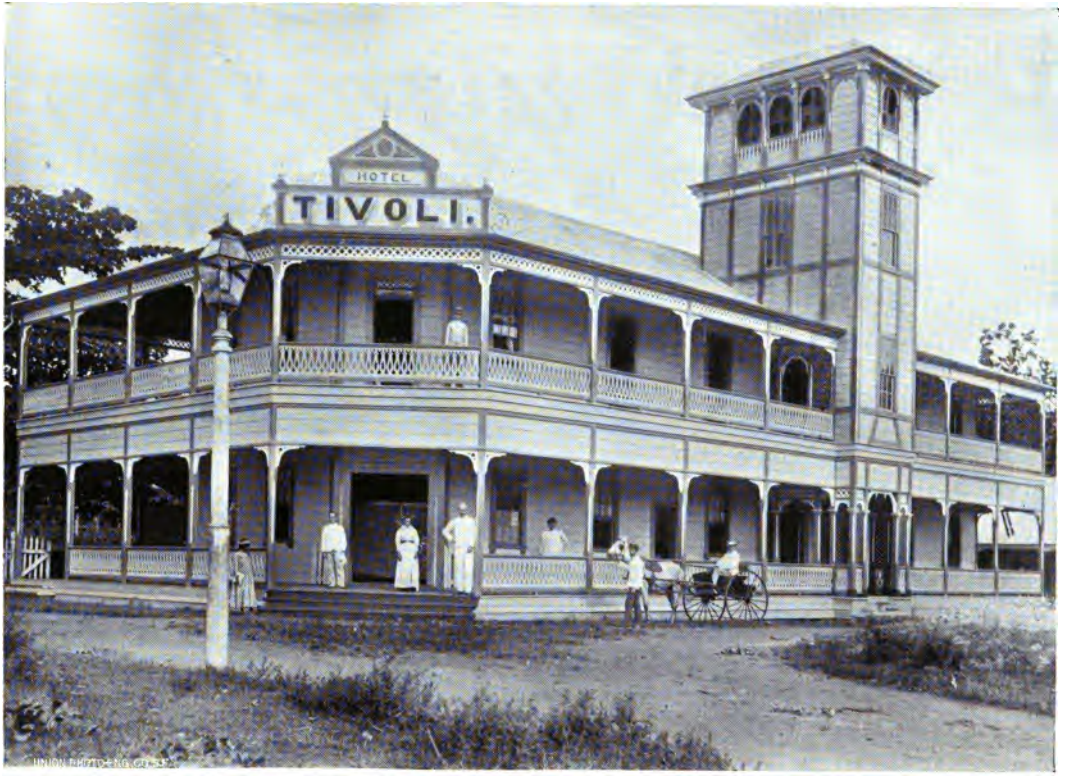
PRACTICAL HINTS.

IF THIS little volume has at all succeeded in its mission of arousing in its readers a desire to see the islands it describes, a few practical considerations will be of value. Enough has been said perhaps, though not a tithe of what might truthfully be claimed, about the delights of Samoa as a paradise for tourists. It remains to add a few words from Mr. H. J. Moors, one of the most prominent business men "on the beach," and well known in America from his having brought the South Sea exhibit to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago and to the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco. He speaks of Samoa as a place for commercial enterprise.

If the Berlin General Act, that product of the treaty powers, has been a failure in all other respects, it has certainly established tribunals before which every title to land held by foreigners has had to be reviewed, confirmed if found correct, and denied past all appeal if fraudulently obtained. Within the space now of a few months, all titles to

lands owned by whites will have been finally determined and not one dispute will remain. The production of cotton which formerly occupied the attention of both whites and natives, has long since ceased, owing to the low price of the article and the great distance to market. Coffee and cacao have been tried with much success and it is likely that the latter will soon show prominently on the list of exports. The former already supplies the home market and is highly esteemed in Germany, to which country a quantum is yearly exported. Cocoa, or rather copra, is the product of the cocoanut tree, it is by all odds the principal export from Samoa, which yearly sends to Europe about seven thousand tons, from its sale the native derives the little money he has to spend. Besides the cocoanut plantations of the natives, German, Britons, and Americans have planted considerable areas with useful trees, and combined they now have under cultivation upwards of twelve thousand acres,—a large proportion of which is under German control.

By one of the provisions of the Berlin Treaty, land cannot be bought from natives, but they are allowed to grant leases for forty years at low rates, and a few cents per acre is considered an ample yearly rental for bush land. As many thousands of acres of valuable property have been unconditionally confirmed to the whites, and as a number of these people have much more land than they can use, some good property is in the market for sale at reasonable prices. Land covered with forest and located in the vicinity of Apia can still be bought at prices ranging from seven and a half to fifty dollars per acre, according to location, as it is nearly all of equal productiveness. To clear and plant this with cacao or coffee will cost from thirty to fifty dollars per acre, but in three years time it will be producing crops which will net from fifty to one hundred dollars each year. During the long wait of three years for the trees to bear, the planter may easily grow on the same land many crops of corn and vegetables and bananas, and his trees will in no way be damaged thereby. Three crops of corn are frequently grown in a single year, as it usually matures in a hundred days and there is no cold weather to intervene between the harvests.



TIVOLI HOTEL, APIA.

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There is practically but one way to get to Samoa from America, but that is so satisfactory in all respects that no traveler could ask for anything better. The splendid three thousand-ton steamers of the Oceanic Steamship Company, the Alameda, Mariposa, and Monowai, leave San Francisco every four weeks for Honolulu, Apia, Auckland, and Sydney. For fares and sailing days see the Company's current schedule. From Apia, steamers go to Tonga, Tahiti, Raratonga, and other islands in this "Milky Way of the ocean." The cabin fare on these side trips is about $100.

The Oceanic line is part of the combined A. & A. Line (American & Australian), which enables it to book passengers either way from any point in America, or Europe for that matter, to Samoa at special rates, and with special privileges in the matter of stop-overs, side trips, extra luggage, and all the points of advantage.

In Apia the Tivoli Hotel, finished in 1893, furnishes all that the transient guest may desire in the way of comfort. It is built of wood and iron, with broad verandas and a fine tower. Boats from the mail steamers take one to the Hotel's private wharf, and it is a specialty of the Hotel to see that guests are provided with every means of seeing the country. There are boats and launches for cruising around inside the barrier reefs, and guides, horses, and vehicles, for trips to all the notable points in the vicinity. The charges are extremely low. Rooms for one person from $5.50 to $3.50, and board at first table $10.50 per week.

A few hints as to clothing may be of service. Here are

some from the notes of an Australian traveler in the South seas.

In regard to the kind of dress most suitable for wear in the Islands, it is important that all garments should be of light and cool material, and that those worn next the skin should be to some extent absorbent. The changes in temperature in the Islands are not so frequent and trying as those experienced in colder latitudes, but nevertheless it is wise to wear next the skin a thin silk or woolen singlet. The regulation wear for men is white drill. A cummerbund of silk or woolen material is substituted for the waistcoat of temperate climates, and is thought to be a necessary protection to the loins against changes of temperature Those, however, who move about much from place to place, and who have to get through much walking or riding, will find the flannel shirt and the flannel suit the most healthful, comfortable, and convenient form of dress. It is important that the head-gear should be light and cool, and that it should serve effectually to protect the head against danger of sunstroke. The best form of hat is perhaps the light, unlined cork helmet, the straw hat is also much used. The most comfortable shoes are those of white canvas with leather soles. Reefing shoes ought to have gutta percha soles to secure the wearer against slipping.

Some of the trips immediately around Apia and the most practical way of making them are well described by Mr. Moors:

One of the many attractive points to visit is Lake Lanuto, which occupies the crater of an extinct volcano, and is said to be of unfathomable depth. It is located well up in the mountains, and its surface lies two thousand four hundred feet above the sea. It is reached in about five hours travel, but as a good part of the way can be made on horseback, the sightseer is relieved from a walk which to some might be considered fatiguing, or which it might be advisable to shorten if ladies be of the party. It is advisable for the excursionist to take with him a couple of native boys to act as guides and provision bearers, for as yet, there is no hotel at the lake, nor other than temporary houses.

SAFUNI LAKE, SAVAII.

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Some of the boys usually precede the party and on their arrival quickly erect as many bush houses as may be required for their employers, following after. These houses, though affording little more than shelter, are tight and comfortable and are a necessity in this locality, for at so great an elevation, rains or rather smart showers are frequent.

The crater in which Lanuto lies is about one thousand yards across and the surface of the water is about two hundred feet below its rocky rim. The visitor may choose whether he will have his camp pitched on the summit of the mountain or whether he will locate by the side of the lake below, or whether he will have houses in both places. The upper rim of the crater has been cleared in many spots in order that visitors may enjoy the magnificent views that everywhere present themselves. Around the top a good path has been made, and in an hour's easy walk the visitor may traverse its whole circumference, viewing the coast line, the reefs and bays to the south, and Apia harbor, Manonono, Apolima, and Savaii, to the north, with each passing cloud and hour a changing panorama of matchless beauty. Generally there is excellent pigeon shooting in the neighborhood of the lake, and there are always ducks to be found there. If the boys be provided with dogs, wild pigs and cattle may be hunted, and all the exhilarating delight of the real chase enjoyed.

From Lanuto the visitor may return to Apia in about four hours, an easy journey ; parties usually remain at the lake from four days to two weeks.

Many sightseers visit the small island of Manonono, and some, its twin sister, Apolima ; these fairy spots are situated about twenty-five miles westward of Apia, and boats are always hired for the purpose of reaching them. A steam launch will now soon make regular trips to these islands so that tourists may be enabled to make this pleasurable excursion at a trifling cost.

Manonono is a mile and a half long, and its highest elevation is not over two hundred feet. Many of the highest chiefs in Samoa reside there, and some of the finest native constructions are placed along its

shores. The people are noted for their politeness and for the liberal hospitality which they delight to extend towards strangers.

Apolima is nearly circular in conformation, about a mile and a half in circumference, it lies just two miles distant from Manonono. It is the apex of an extinct volcano, a small portion of one side of which has, ages ago, fallen outward into the sea, owing to the erosive action of the everlasting surf, which beats with clamorous violence upon its rock-bound sides. The ocean has made its entrance into the very heart of the island, and boats and canoes may penetrate whenever the sea is sufficiently smooth to permit. Except at this point, no other landing can be made, nor can the smooth and barren outer walls be ascended. Inside the island and around the shallow lake made by the invading ocean, is nestled one of the prettiest and most secluded of Samoan villages. Here, apart from the world in a veritable garden of Eden in its beauty, live a people free from guile, true types of manly and womanly beauty; giants in strength, yet simple and trusting as children,—noble savages.

To the eastward of Apia is the fine harbor of Saluafata, the caverns of Lufilufi, the lofty waterfalls of Falefa, and the picturesque and impressive sights of Fagaloa and Pago Pago.

The visitor may drive from the hotel in Apia for miles through the great plantations of cocoanuts, and he may ascend in an hour's time by a good road to a coffee plantation at an elevation of one thousand three hundred feet. From this commanding ground he may have within his view plantations of cocoa, coffee, bananas, pine-apples, breadfruit, taro, and cacao, the whole harbor of Apia and its surroundings spreading like a picture in pearl at his feet; a scene inspiring, a breezy air exhilarating. Most visitors find their stay of one month too short, many remain longer, leaving the place with lingering regret.

To the student of ethnology these islands furnish a wide field for study and exploration. For located within the group are colonies of natives from all parts of the Pacific, and no island however remote or small but has sent its representatives, few or many, either to labor in

SAMOAN TAUPO GIRL.

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the plantations of the industrious white man or to join in the countless pageants of the Samoans, wasting their lives in one ceaseless round of pleasure.

Within three miles of Apia are two attractive picnic grounds which are always visited; one is the Papaseea, or Sliding Rock, and the other is the Papalaloa Falls, from whose lofty brink the girls and boys leap headlong into the foaming abyss below, to the astonishment of the startled visitor.

But it is useless to try to give all the points of interest and charm that Samoa offers to anyone who will seek her quiet shores. No words can give, no pictures can convey, the dreamy tropical atmosphere that throws its veil over every landscape, making the sunshine more glorious, the moonlight more romantic, and giving a splendor to sunsets and sunrises that may not be found except in the tropic regions of this great ocean.

No traveling is like the trip there, no rest like the slumberous ease that pervades every fiber of a frame wearied with the wild rush of more civilized lands.

And the people are like their country, hospitable, sunny, generous,—taking no thought for the morrow, because they have few causes for care,—kindly and affectionate, winning their place in the heart of every visitor to their beloved Samoa.

* * *

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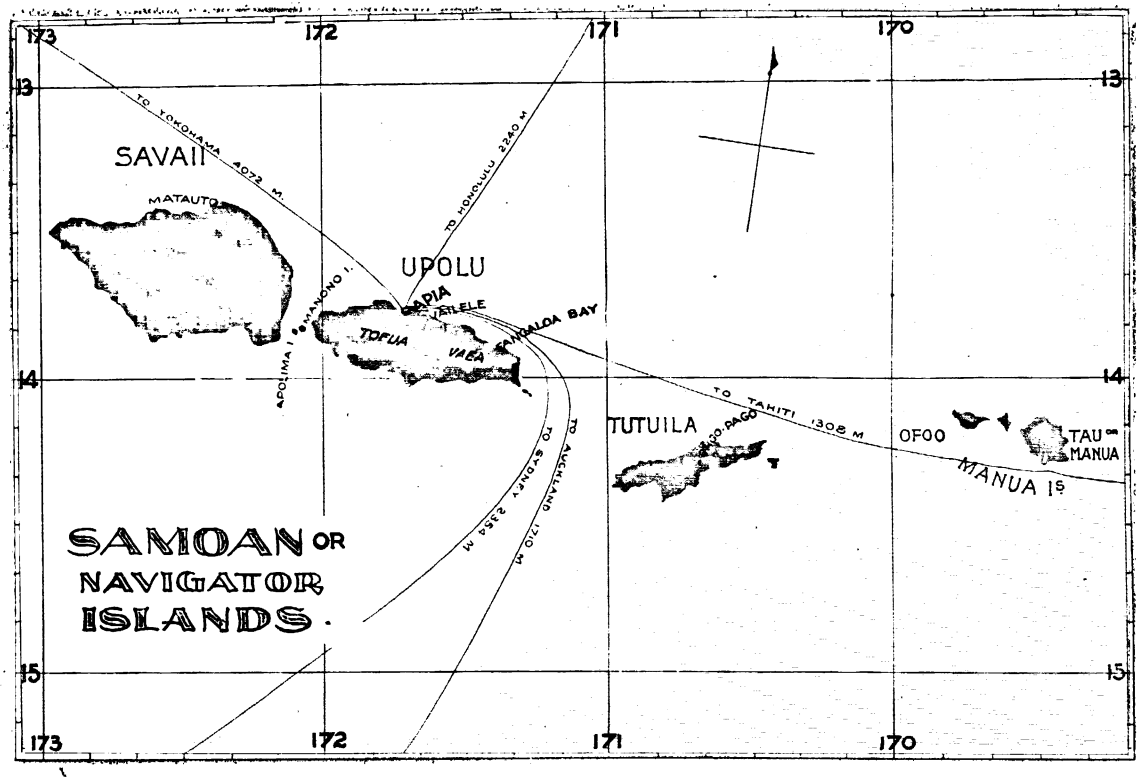
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